

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1857.

NUMBER 1.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MAIN-ST.

COBB & MEAD,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

JUSTUS COBB, EDITOR. RUFUS MEAD, JR.,

TERMS.

The Register will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made strictly in advance, for \$1.50. Delivered by carrier, paid strictly in advance, for \$1.00. If not paid within six months, 50 cents additional.

No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the proprietors.

All communications must be post-paid.

V. B. PALMER is agent for this paper in Boston, New-York and Philadelphia.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Done in modern style, and at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN W. STEWART,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. 26

CALVIN G. TILDEN,
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
Office, in the Engine Building, No. 20
Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856. 32

CHARLES L. ALLEN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
Having resigned his Professorship in the Eastern Medical College, and been appointed to the same position with Middlebury College, will give his professional attention to his profession.

Office at his residence, first house North of the Congregational Meeting House.
Middlebury, Nov. 20, 1856. 32, 1y

S. HOLTON, JR.,
HAS JUST RECEIVED THE
LARGEST AND BEST
ASSORTMENT OF
JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS,
EVER OFFERED IN THIS COUNTRY.

Middlebury, February 18, 1857.

EDWARD MUSSEY
Respectfully informs the people of this country and the public at large, that he has taken the

ADDISON HOUSE,
In Middlebury, for a term of years. He intends to keep a first rate house, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of his guests and moderate charges, to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.

Middlebury, May 21, 1856. 5

A. H. COPELAND,
Books, Stationery, Magazines,
NEWSPAPERS, and cheap publications,
At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge.

S. HOLTON, JR.,
DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
Near the Bridge, Middlebury, Vt.
All work done in a neat and durable manner.
At low rates. 24

MIDDLEBURY
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
AND
IRON STORE,
JASON DAVENPORT,
Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
IRON, STOVES, HARDWARE,
CUTLERY, JOINERS' TOOLS, &c.
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

GEORGE M. BROWN,
TAILOR,
Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line.

Cutting done to suit customers.
Wanted—a good Journeyman.
Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856. 26, 1f

Elegant Illustrated National Works.
The Works of the great American Poets, collected and chronologically arranged, from Ben Johnson to Scott. Illustrated with an immense number of steel plate engravings. To be published in 40 fortnightly parts, at 25 cents each. Monthly Parts 50 cents.

Money's General Atlas of the World, containing 70 Maps drawn and engraved from the best authorities, with descriptions and statistics of all nations to the year 1856. To be completed in 33 Semi-Monthly Parts 25 cents each.

THE REPUBLICAN COURT; By Rufus W. Griswold. To be published in 21 semi-monthly, Nov. 25c. each.

THE PICTORIAL CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY; Embracing a series of original portraits of the most distinguished persons of all times. Illustrated with 600 engravings and steel plates. To be published in Fortnightly Parts, 25c. each.

Dred; A Tale of the Great Diabolical Swamp by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Two vols. 12mo. Muslin. Price \$1.75. Portraits of Fremont, size 25c. 24. Price 25c. plain and 50c. colored. Portraits of Fillmore and Buchanan, plain \$1.00, colored \$3.00.

Persons desirous of subscribing for any of the above mentioned books, will please apply to the subscriber.

Canvassers wanted.

F. S. MARTIN.
Williamstown, Vt. 21, 1f

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY in Rutland and Addison Counties, ACTIVE INTELLIGENT YOUNG MEN, to canvass new important SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS. The best works of art ever published. None but good, reliable men wanted. Those who have had experience in the business preferred. A liberal per centage allowed, or a monthly salary given. For particulars, enquire of
F. S. MARTIN,
Williamstown, Vt. 41f

A NEW LOT of Groceries expected this week March 2. by BECKWITH.

50 FULL BLOOD MERINO EWES, For Sale by J. G. WELLS, Hinesburg, Feb. 18, 1857.

LETTER PAPER of various kinds, style and colors, at prices to suit all, for sale at COPELAND'S.

POCKET MAPS OF KANSAS, for sale by L. W. CLARK.

POETRY.

—The following Poem, to be thoroughly understood, should be read carefully three times.— We understand from the *Home Journal* that it is from the pen of FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN, an English gentleman.

KANE—DIED 10TH FEBRUARY, 1857.
Alone, upon a dead, cold, crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone.

And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that dead cliff, a simple name is traced;
Fit type of him, who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting fœe,

By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.
Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North,
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb.

His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
Burst from decorous quiet as he came,
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horrid hand. The large-lunged West,
From out its giant breast,
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,
Fruited to the sky.

Thundered the mighty cry,
HONOR TO KANE!
In vain—in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Sent the toast circling till the rafters rung.

With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the birds wilted and the voices ceased
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,
Faded and faded. And the brave young heart,
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest,
For the lost captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbled.

His was the victory; but as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart,
And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late—too late the splendid prizes he won
In the Olympic ring of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered berg that, pale and lone
Drifts from the white North to a Tropic zone,
And in the burning day
Wastes peak by peak away,
Till on some rocky coast
It dies with sunlight blessing its so be
Tranquilly floated to a Southern sea,
And melted into heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life!
We will not weep for him who died so well;
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his strife.

Such homage suits him well!
Better than funeral pomp, or passing bell.
What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow!
Night lengthening into months; the ravenous
Ice

Crumbling the massive ships as the white bear
Crushes his prey. The insufficient share
Of wholesome food;
The lethargy of famine; the despair
Urging to labor, nervously pursued;
Told done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!

That awful hour, when through the prostrate band,
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
Upon the ghastly benches of the crew.
The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder; such the throng
Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played!

Sinking himself—yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar winters, dark and desolate.
Equal to every trial, every fate,
He stands, until Spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the ice gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the white once more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shores
Bearing their dying chief!

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From Royal hands, who wooed the knightly state;
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode doth chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE!

FULL LENGTH PAINTING PREVENTED
—The new invention of steel frames for ladies' portraits to rest upon, is of such enormous weight for the hips, that it is hardly likely to become general, yet for those who are liable to faint, it has a certain advantage. There is no possibility of fainting! The solid dome of metal which surrounds the lady so effectually sustains her that she can only faint from the waist upwards—or, at least the consciousness of the remainder is of no particular consequence.

At one of the most elegant balls of the season, in the Rue St. Honoré, there was a great alarm among the guests occasioned by the falling of a chandelier in the reception room. Fortunately no one was immediately under it, at the moment but there was some screaming with the surprise of the crash, and a general laugh followed the discovery that no one was hurt. But, an instant after, an exclamation drew all eyes to a corner of the apartment, and there stood the stout Baroness de—, her head fallen back and her arms hanging powerless at her sides, but otherwise apparently on her feet.—The steel petticoat sustained her as completely as the semi-pumpkin sustains the candle on the hushing floor. She had fainted—but only in bust.—*Home Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pirnetti;

OR, JUGGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

The Russians have long exhibited a remarkable taste for juggling and all that snacks of the marvelous. Conjurers, prestidigitators, ventriloquists and the entire race of mountebanks, who in France and in England astonish the gaping crowds at races and country fairs, ever find a ready welcome and a liberal encouragement among the higher classes in the capital of the Czar. About the beginning of the present century a species of Cagliostro, or rather a superior kind of Wizard of the North, made his appearance at St. Petersburg, and astonished the natives. His fame is yet retained in the memory of those who witnessed his unrivaled talents.

The Czar having heard Pirnetti much spoken of, was desirous of seeing him, and one day it was announced to the conjurer that he would have the honor of giving a representation of his magical powers at Court, the hour fixed for him to make his appearance being seven o'clock. A brilliant and numerous assembly of ladies and courtiers, presided over by the Czar, had met at the prescribed hour in the saloon prepared for the evening's amusement; but the prestidigitator was absent. Surprised and displeased, the Czar ruled out his watch, which indicated five minutes after seven.

Pirnetti had not only failed in being in waiting, but he had caused the Court to wait, and Paul I was not more patient than Louis XIV. A quarter of an hour passed, half an hour, and no Pirnetti! Messengers who had been sent for him returned unsuccessful. The anger of the Czar with difficulty was restrained, for it displayed itself in threatening exclamations. At length after the lapse of an hour, the door of the saloon opened, and the gentleman of the chamber announced Pirnetti, who presented himself with a calm front and the serenity of one who had nothing to reproach himself with. The Czar, however, was highly displeased, but Pirnetti assumed an air of astonishment, and replied with coolness:

"Did not your majesty command my presence at seven o'clock precisely?"

"Just so," exclaimed the Czar at the height of exasperation.

"Well then," said Pirnetti, "let your majesty deign to look at your watch, and you will perceive that I am exact, and that it is just seven o'clock."

The Czar, pulling out his watch violently in order to confound what he considered a piece of downright insolence, was completely amazed. The watch marked seven o'clock! He looked at the clock of the saloon, which had been twenty times consulted during the space that the assembly was kept waiting; the clock also marked and struck seven o'clock! In turn the courtiers drew out their watches, which was found as usual, exactly regulated by that of their sovereign. Seven o'clock! indicated with a common accord all the watches and clocks of the palace. The art of the magician was at once manifest in this strange retrogression in the march of time. To anger succeeded astonishment and admiration. Perceiving that the Czar smiled, Pirnetti thus addressed him:

"Your majesty will pardon me. It was by the performance of this trick that I was desirous of making my first appearance before you. But I know how precious time is at court; it is at least necessary that your watch should tell to you, sire. It you consult it now, you will find that it marks the real time."

The Czar once more drew forth his watch—it pointed to a few minutes past eight. The same rectification had taken place in all the watches of those present, and in all the clocks of the palace. This exploit was followed by others equally amusing. At the close of the performance the Czar after having complimented Pirnetti, brought back his remembrance that, in the course of the evening's amusements, he had declared, that such was the power of his art that he could penetrate wherever.

"Yes, sir, everywhere," replied the conjurer, with a modest assurance.

"What!" exclaimed the Czar, "could you penetrate even into this palace, where I to order all the doors to be closed and guarded?"

"Into this palace, sire, and even into the apartment of your majesty, quite as easily as I could enter my own house," said Pirnetti.

"Well then," said Czar, at mid day to-morrow I shall have ready in my closet the price of this evening's amusement—one thousand roubles. Come and fetch them. But I forewarn you that the doors shall be closed, and carefully guarded."

"To-morrow at mid day I shall have the honor of presenting myself before your Majesty," replied Pirnetti, who bowed and withdrew.

Two gentlemen of the household followed the conjurer to make sure that he quitted the palace; they accompanied him to his own lodgings, and the police surrounded the dwelling from the moment he entered it. The palace was instantly closed with positive orders not to suffer under any pretext whatever, any one to enter were he prince or valet, until the Czar himself should command the doors to be opened. These orders were strictly enforced, confidential persons having watched their execution. The exterior openings to the palace were guarded by the soldiery. All the approaches to the imperial apartments were protected by high dignitaries, whom a simple professor of the art of legerdemain possessed no means of bribing. In short, for a greater security, all the keys had been carried to the Imperial Cab-

inet. A few minutes previous to the hour fixed for Pirnetti's interview with the Czar, the chamberlain on service brought to His Majesty a dispatch which a messenger handed him through an opening in the door. It was a report from the minister of police, that Pirnetti had not left home.

"Alas! he has found out that the undertaking is impracticable, and has abandoned it," observed the Czar with a smile.

Twelve o'clock sounded. While the last stroke yet reverberated the door which communicated from the bedroom of the Czar to the cabinet opened, and Pirnetti appeared! The Czar drew back a couple of paces, his brow darkened, and after a momentary silence, while fixing a suspicious look on Pirnetti, said:

"Are you aware that you may become a very dangerous individual?"

"Yes, sire," he replied; "but I am only a humble conjurer, with no other ambition than that of amusing your majesty."

"Here, said the Czar, 'are the thousand roubles for last night, and a thousand more for this day's visit."

"Pirnetti in offering his thanks, was interrupted by the Czar, who with a thoughtful air inquired: 'Do you count on yet remaining some time in St. Petersburg?'"

"Sire," he replied, "I intend setting off this week unless your Majesty orders a prolongation of my sojourn."

"No!" hastily observed the Czar, "it is not my intention to detain you; and moreover," continued he with a smile, "I should vainly endeavor to keep you against your will. You know how to leave St. Petersburg as easily as you have found your way into this palace."

"I could do so, sire," said Pirnetti, "but far from wishing to quit St. Petersburg stealthily or mysteriously, I am desirous of quitting it in the most public manner possible, by giving to the inhabitants of your capital a striking example of my magical powers."

Pirnetti could not leave like an ordinary mortal; it was necessary that he should crown his success in the Russian capital by something surpassing his previous efforts; therefore on the evening preceding the day fixed for his departure, he announced that he should leave St. Petersburg the following day at 10 o'clock in the morning, and that he should quit it by all the city gates at the same moment. Public curiosity was excited to the highest degree by this announcement. St. Petersburg at that time had fifteen gates, which were encompassed by a multitude eager to witness this marvelous departure.

The spectators at the various gates all declared that at 10 o'clock precisely, Pirnetti, whom they perfectly recognized, passed through. He walked at a slow pace and with head erect, in order to be better seen, they said; and he bade adieu in a clear and audible voice. These unanimous testimonies were confirmed by the written declaration of the officers at every gate to inspect the passports of travelers. The inspection of Pirnetti's passport was inscribed in the fifteen registers.

Where is the wizard, whether coming from the North or South, who could in these degenerate days perform so astonishing an exploit?

Exercise for Girls.

Did any of my readers ever meet a girl's school taking their accustomed exercises? Is there not something excessively ludicrous in the idea of some thirty or forty girls walking primly and demurely to a certain point, then right about face and back again? The timid step, the regular methodic movement, which I have heard waggishly compared to the mode of progress of an ordinary sixteen-legged caterpillar, the sedate tone of voice, each one talking with becoming decorum with the one with whom she walks abreast, perhaps esteeming one another on the meaning of the eccentricities of some French verb, or ascertaining the degree of proficiency each has attained in "Nagall's Questions"—how can this minister to health? But the medical attendant of the school recommends exercise, and is not walking across the common and back exercise? Of course it is! What more would you have? Why, if that worthy lady, the schoolmistress, would allow me to have the charge of her pupils on the next afternoon's walk, (I believe it is not orthodox to take a walk every day in the week) I think I could put them in the way of getting exercise by which they would be much more benefited, much more pleased, and come home with rosy cheeks and more eager appetites than is now the case. Probably at the schools where these girls are there are several teachers, and perhaps some of the teachers may have some little knowledge of botany; so I would suggest that the teacher should ask two or three of the girls to bring her some wild flowers from their next afternoon's walk, with the promise held out that she would afterwards tell them something about them; and I must further petition that the girls be no longer compelled to walk two by two, methodically, but be allowed to roam and ramble at large—of course, taking care they do not get out of sight of their teachers. I admit that the effect of all the girls rambling along a country lane—some looking into the hedge bottom on this side, and others struggling to the other side of a broad green lane—would not have the same fine effect which is produced by the formal procession along the dusty pathway on the common; but I think it would impress any one who saw them with the idea that the girls were at ease, and were out for enjoyment: whereas the stiff and prim set-out which we are accustomed to see, rather gives one the idea that they had said their lessons badly, and are doing penance for it, exposed to the public gaze.

From the Evening Post.

Process of Degradation a Priest.

The case of Varger, who assassinated the late Archbishop of Paris, calls to mind the ceremony of degradation with which a priest was formerly visited before capital punishment could be inflicted on him. A French ordinance in 1571 was the last which proscribed this terrible formality. In the eighteenth century, on the refusal of the Archbishop of Aix to degrade a priest who had been condemned to death, the parliament of Aix decreed that for the future peculiar justice could dispense with the degradation. The following are the principal incidents of the ceremony, which according to ancient authors, never failed to produce an immense effect on the spectators: On the scaffold a bishop took his seat, on a throne surmounted by a canopy, with his assistants seated near him, and opposite to them was a lay officer of justice. Near the prelate was a table, on which were placed several of the sacred vessels used in the church service, together with vases of wine and water, the Gospels, the Epistles, a candelabra, with an extinguished taper, the Book of Exorcisms, the Book of Lessons, keys, a pair of scissors, a piece of glass, and the vestments and ornaments which a priest wears at the altar. The priest to be degraded was brought forward dressed as a layman, and with his hands bound. His bonds were first of all removed, and on a sign from the bishop he was decked with the ecclesiastical costume by the attendant priests. The bishop then rose, and holding his crozier in his left hand, explained to the people the cause of the degradation. The culprit afterwards knelt at the bishop's feet, and all the persons present knelt in prayer. The bishop then pronounced the sentence of degradation in these terms:

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—Amen. We, having ascertained that the crime imputed to thee, and which is to be justly punished, and finding that this crime is great, damnable, and enormous, and has not only offended Divine Majesty, but agitated the whole country—we declare that, in consequence thou hast rendered thyself unworthy of ecclesiastical functions and ecclesiastical benefits. Therefore, we, by the authority of Omnipotent God, and by our own power, deprive thee, now and forever, of thy functions and benefits, and we pronounce thy degradation according to the traditions of the canons."

This sentence being pronounced, the bishop receiving the criminal from the hands of the lay officer, scraped the palms of the criminal's hands with the piece of glass, but without any effusion of blood, in order to remove from him the unction received at ordination. The censure was also scraped away in a similar manner. The priest present then placed in the hands of the culprit water, wine, the consecrated wafer, etc.; but the bishop snatched them from him, saying: "We take from thee, or rather we show to the people that we have already taken from thee, the power of offering the holy sacrifice to God, and of celebrating mass either for the living or the dead." Next the bishop scraped with a knife or piece of glass the thumb and fingers of each hand of the culprit, and said, "By this scraping we take away the power of sacrificing and blessing which thou hast received by the union of thy hands and thumbs." Next the bishop dragged off the chasuble from behind and said, "We justly deprive thee of this sacred vestment, which signifies charity, because thou hast deprived thyself of innocence." Then the bishop removed the stole, and said, "Thou hast disgracefully rejected the sign of God, which is this stole; and this is why we take it from thee, and render it unfit for any sacerdotal purpose." The ceremony here concluded, and the bishop and his attendants withdrew, with great pomp and in procession, the spectators bending to the ground before him as he passed.

FATHER TAYLOR AND A SEA LAWYER.
On Sunday evening the Bethel was crowded with merchants, seamen and others—it is crowded every Sunday evening—to take into consideration the physical wants of seamen. After a few remarks by Father Taylor, setting forth the object of the meeting, a sea-lawyer rose and overhauled the iniquities of captains and owners, in a style of forensic eloquence that made the parties alluded to feel rather uneasy. "Talk," said he "about the physical wants of poor Jack; why, he's all wants. He wants better wages; he wants watch and watch; he wants biscuits without crawlers; he wants a water-tight hole to sleep in; he wants to be treated as well as a nigger, and Father Taylor says he wants religion."

This is the sort of talk, it is true, for it is not tradable; but if it could be sold, Jack might want that, too, till he was sent to Fiddler's Green. Why, my friends, there are in all large ports a set of very moral shipowners, who are continually on the alert for a bite at poor Jack. They took away his rum because the use of it was immoral; but they took care to put the price of it in their own pockets, and they would take away his salt-horse to-morrow, if he could be fed on hay, like a horse. But, good souls, they want Jack to be moral; to be religious, because then they know he will be better prepared to endure starvation without growling, or troubling them with lawsuits!"

"Stop, brother," cried Father Taylor, at the top of his lungs, "I move that you come up here to the altar, and pray for the speedy conversion of such hard-hearted shipowners. Come along, the Lord is all ready to hear it!"

The sea-lawyer was non-plussed for a moment. Without making any reply he bounded over the backs of two or three seats, landed in front of the altar and knelt down and prayed, in a tone of voice that might have been heard in Hanover street.

He prayed for the conversion of shipowners, and then for the conversion of Father Taylor himself, who, he feared, had not got the true religion; and growled hideously at the end of every sentence. Jack closed by giving one tremendous groan, tapered off with amen.

At the close of the meeting, Father Taylor gave Jack a kindly dig in the ribs, and remarked—"I had you there, Jack!" Jack acknowledged the bent; but never afterwards spoke in the Bethel.—*Atlas.*

Written for the Register.

The Robin.

When cold Winter flies with his scaptor grim
And gentle Spring is supplanting him;
When the laughing rill from its ice-chain springs,
And the flying leaves unfold their wings—
Then you'll hear the robin in merry glee
Piping his song on the apple tree—
"Flow it, near it."

When the stars fade out from the bright'ning sky,
And night's pale Queen and her shadow fly;
When the gleams of morning are just ajar,
And the light streams in from the unknown far—
You'll hear from the woods and clingles wild
This happy song, so sweet and so mild—
"Flow it, near it."

When the crimson clouds hang o'er hill and lea,
Like gorgeous isles in the azure sea;
When the ploughmen from the field come home,
And the bells peal out from the old church-dome—
Then softly down from the hills will float
This gentle song from the robin's throat—
"Flow it, near it."

And then when summer and harvest are gone,
And the woods are changed from green to brown;
When the sobbing wind moans over the plain,
And stern old Winter is coming again—
Then out from each wild and deserted dell
The robin will sing you his sad farewell—
"Flow it, near it."

Orwell, Vt. s. s. u.

Making Letter Envelopes.

Tons of paper and barrels of manila are used in the city every month in the manufacture of an article so insignificant and unpretending as letter envelopes. Four firms are engaged in the business on a large scale, and several others in a small way. It is estimated that the number of envelopes made in this city every week is at least 4,000,000. Probably the largest concern is Lyon & Raynor in Beekman street, which is said to turn out nearly 1,500,000 weekly, embracing 1,000 varieties. They employ girls in folding, which is the most common method, while others, such as J. Q. Preble, another large concern, manufacturing 1,000,000 per week, employ machinery. Out of New York, there is a factory in Worcester, Mass., which manufactures to a large extent, and there is one doing a moderate business in Philadelphia.

The process of manufacture adopted by Lyon & Raynor may be briefly described. A ream of paper, or about 500 sheets is placed under a knife of a shape corresponding with an envelope when entirely opened, which is forced down by a powerful screw press worked by a hand lever. The pieces cut out, slightly adhering at the edges, from the action of the knife, resemble a solid block of wood, until broken up. The flap is afterwards stamped, by a similar process, a boy being able to prepare 50,000 per day in this manner, taking one, two or three envelopes at each movement of the hand. They are then taken by 100 girls seated at a long table, when they are folded and gummed. A single girl will apply the gum to 60,000 or 80,000 in a day, and from 5,000 to 7,000 may be folded in the same time.

In these processes, the girls acquire great celerity and skill, being stimulated by the wages offered, which vary from 12 to 20 cents for every 1,000. The envelopes are next counted banded and packed.—Some varieties are embossed, or otherwise decorated, requiring additional labor.—The establishment of which we are now speaking, consumes not far from 12 tons of paper per month, in the single article of envelopes. This quantity of paper at 10 cents per pound, would cost \$2,500. The machines employed to make envelopes are very curiously constructed. Each piece of paper, upon being cut into the proper shape, is placed on a kind of artificial hand, which conveys it over an aperture of the size of an ordinary letter, when a plunger drives it through, gumming and folding it. It then falls into a box, which, by revolving at intervals, is gradually filled up with packages of 25, ready for use. These machines average 20,000 envelopes per day, and are capable of turning out eighteen per minute.

The business is in some danger of being overdone. For some time past it has doubled almost, every twelve months, until a very large capital is embarked in it, and competition has reduced the profits to a very low figure.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

THE VICTORIA CROSS.—The decoration consists of a Maltese cross, formed from the cannon captured from the Russians. In the centre of the cross is the royal crown, surmounted by the lion, and below it a scroll bearing the words, "FOR VALOR." The ribbon is blue for the navy, and red for the army. On the clasp are two bunches of laurel; and from it suspended by a Roman V, hangs the cross. The execution of the work has been entrusted by Lord Palmerston to Mr. Hancock, of Bruton-street, and is highly creditable to his taste and skill. The decoration carries with it a pension of ten pounds a year.

AGRICULTURE.

Deception in Horse-Dealing.

To illustrate my position, how almost universally has the opinion heretofore prevailed that it was not unneighborly, that it was not dishonest to tell a deliberate and ingenuously concocted lie about the properties of a horse; that it was not unmanly, dishonorable, or unfair to conceal a serious ailment or defect, and that any species of deception in a horse trade was not only legitimate and honest, but evidence of high business qualifications and exceeding smartness! So common has been this vile habit that reputable men, who desired to obtain a good name for honesty and fair dealing, who not only admired, but had a strong passion for a noble steed, have hesitated about engaging in the rearing and training of horses, lest their otherwise unblemished reputation should suffer. I am happy to be able to say, in truth, that while this widespread evil exists to-day, to the dishonor of our country, that a higher sense of justice, of moral right and fair dealing, is every day gaining ground; and that men of unimpeachable probity, and of high character, are engaged in dealing in horses as in other property, and that they are practically exemplifying in their daily transactions the truth of the old adage, that, "honesty is the best policy," and that it is a dictate of interest as well as duty.

The habit of lying, (for that is the proper term,) about horses, has been the parent of many a crime. For the man who, from any conceivable motive, or under any circumstances whatever, will misrepresent the truth about his other property; he who, by falsehood or trick, will obtain his horse, without giving me a valuable consideration therefor, will soon strive to obtain other property in a way even more dishonest. Crime is progressive, and its insidious approaches should be carefully watched, and resisted at the very threshold. There are no compromises to be made with it. There is no safety save in entire and complete non-intercourse with it, in all its alluring phases. Every parent therefore should impressing teach his boy, by precept and by his daily uniform example, that "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them"—that he must not hesitate, at all times, and under all circumstances, as well in reference to horses